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Carbondale materials. Could we move it up to the second floor, perhaps, I asked. Yes, said Miss Muldoon. She suggested that the bookcase might be moved into the room where the xerox machine is on the second floor. The spectacular bookcase in question was made in Scranton and used to be in the barber shop that was on Main Street near where Sisko's Cafe is now situated. The bookcase was given to the Library some years ago. Miss Muldoon also pointed out that the oak table and chairs in the same room used to be in the Pioneer Dime Bank on Main Street. A truly magnificent table and chairs to be sure. Miss Muldoon was showing John and I some of the holdings of the CHS when Sue Stephens materialized out of the blue. She wanted to chat with me. We put to paper some of the basic facts that she will include in her notices to the paperes about the CHS dinner on 11-06-1982. She is wonderfully enthusiastic, and I love it. Miss Muldoon asked if there were any coins in the boxes that JVB and I looked through. No, I said, and we looked through them all. The Shiflers also asked the same question. JVB and I found some empty coin cases but no coins. I wonder who took the coins. Kay and Oliver Shifler told me that they have in their collection a few of the coins that they bought in 1976 and that they will be happy to show them to me. I shall enjoy seeing them. I greeted Mrs. Prince and then JVB and I left the Library and drove towards Viewmont Mall making a stop in Jermyn, where I asked Peg if she had received a copy of the Carbondale Calendar. Yes, she had. We drank tea and had a visit. I borrowed the Will Russell Autograph Book and the Jeanette Locke Scott wedding certificate from Peg. We looked at some old Jermyn newspapers that Peg found in the house (337 McKinley Avenue) in which are notices by and about C. D. Winter. Peg did not want to part with them and I asked her if she would allow me to have them microfilmed and she said yes. From 337 McKinley Avenue we drove to Viewmont Mall and John said that he had not been at Viewmont Mall for about five years. We made a stop in Paperback Booksmith and the calendars were on display but covered up and I exposed them and only two or three had been sold and that depressed me a bit but I did not reveal that to JVB, naturally. We looked around the bookstore and the mall and went in and out of shops. JVB seemed to enjoy himself--particularly in the record store. When we left the mall, we stopped, at JVB's suggestion, at McDonald's and had something to eat. Seated in McDonald's was Mark, the son of Peter Suchnick and he recognized me even though I did not recognize him. I drove JVB to his house and he asked what I was doing on Sunday and I said that I did not have any plans and that we should do something. I returned to Box 29 and ate and sorted through my papers and the mail that I had received and so on and watched television with HLRP and WSP and after they went to bed I stayed up for a couple hours and watched television. On Sunday morning I got up somewhat late and ate steaks with HLRP and WSP and then went out to fly my kite and then down to RTP's with kite in tow. I also went down to RTP's on Saturday night after I returned from town and ate. Quiet evenings: visiting, eating pizza. On Saturday night, RTP and Ann went out to a 4-H dinner and I stayed with the kids for a while and then went back to the Homestead. On Sunday they (RTP and family) seemed all aflutter about NYC and were asking me questions and questions. RTP then proposed that they visit. Would I be around. Delighted, said I. They will arrive this coming Sunday, October 31st, and I will be sightseeing guide. WSP drove me to the 6:30 Martz bus. We drove through Nay Aug Park on the way to the station (at my suggestion) since we had a good half-hour to spare. It was very pleasant and WSP and I had a good time. I rested on the return trip to NYC. On the way home I stopped and picked up some wonton soup and rice on 53rd

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and Ninth Avenue. During our ride on Saturday, I gave JVB a copy of the letter that I wrote to Mrs. Drob in which I mentioned his grandmother. JVB pointed out that she lives at 20 Spencer Street and not at 40 Spencer Street. It must be a typo in my letter, which is regrettable. At the Post Office on Saturday morning I ran into Scombordi who was affability itself. I showed him the letter that I had received about the post office lights and he said that the post office would provide the bulbs and it seems like the post office lights is a closed matter. They will be replaced and they will be replaced because of the letter that I wrote and the action that I took. Hence, another victory for the CRCCH. I must bring up the topic again with Scombordi/Barrett and get some definite plan of action on their part. I would like to hold a ceremony, of course, when the lights are installed and turned on. Scombordi said: "It's a good idea to spruce up the building some. We'll be glad to furnish the bulbs and pay for the electricity." On 10-26-1982, at 2:30 P.M., David Baum called to chat and to see how I was doing. Very nice of him. It was a social/friendly call. He wanted to know how I was doing and what was going on with the Committee. I told him. He said he would try to make the dinner on 11-06-1982. I hope he will be able to be there. His presence is good on the Committee.

10-27-1982, late afternoon: HLRP called to say that when she was at the Beauty Parlor on Monday the 25th that Sarah had reported that she had seen on television a scene in Maplewood Cemetery and a casket was half out of a mausoleum and someone from the Cemetery was there [probably Suchnick] and someone else in the Beauty Parlor had seen it also. HLRP called me because she felt that I should know about it since I am the President of the Maplewood Cemetery Association. What's to be done about protecting Maplewood? What shall we do? I think I should begin by writing a long letter to the Carbondale News and hope that Phil will publish it. The vandalism that goes on in Maplewood Cemetery makes me sick. I don't know what's to be done.